Ro. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murtherer, which way ran he?
Benu. There lies that *Tibalt*.
Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. VVhere are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.
Capu Wi. *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
Ben. *Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
VVith gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
VVith Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
VVho all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,

His

His aged arme beats do
And twixt them ruſhes
An enuious thruſt from
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and
But by and by comes b
Who had but newly en
And toote they goe lik
Could draw to part the
And as he fell, did *Romeo*
This is the truth, or let
Ca. Wi. He is a kinſ
Affection makes him f
Some twenty of them f
And all thoſe twenty co
I beg for Iuſtice which
Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo*
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him
Who now the price of h
Cap. Not *Romeo* Prin
His fault concludes, but
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that of
Immediately we doe exi
I haue an intereſt in your
My bloud for your rude
But Ile amerce you with
That you ſhall all repent
It will be deafe to pleadi
Nor teares, nor prayers ſ
Therefore vſe none, let
Elſe when he is found, th
Beare hence this body, a
Mercy but murders, pard

Gallop apace, you fiery f

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3